

AN ELEGIE UPON D^R THO. FULLER That most Incomparable Writer,

Who Deceased *August* the 15th M. DC. LXI.

Room for a *Saint*, set open Heavens Gate,
Here comes the AUTHOR of the *Holy State*.
See with what Train and Troops he now ascends
Of Blest acquaintance, and Cœlestial Friends!
Blest Ones, he comes to make your number more,
His *Life* did much, his *Death* improves your store;
Such modest merit crowds not for a seat,
Bliss covets to be *FULLER* and compleat.
A Cherubs wing hath soar'd him to this Hight,
And Heaven is now in stead of *Pisgab Sight*:
His *Holy War* but now is finished,
When the reward of Glory crowns his Head.
Each *Tract* (like *Jacob's Ladder*) still did rise,
Directed Souls, and fixt them in the Skies:
There are his Books transcribed and compriz'd
Within the *Book of Life* Epitomiz'd:

And if th' *Herculean Labours* found a place
Assign'd in Heaven by the Gods, then Grace
So well employ'd and exercised here
Will shine far brighter in its Glories sphere.

The kinder *Parcæ* yet forbore the Thred
Of that *Invincible*; till Vice was dead,
And he had quell'd the Monsters, and suppress
All growing Ills, and set the World at rest:
But this our *Hercules* was snatcht from hence

I th' middle of his * *Work*, while in defence
Of squalid Vertue through Injurious Age
Gainst monstrous Antiques he a *War* did wage;

*An excel-
lent Piece
in folio
now in the
Press.*

Broke off its *Adamantine* bonds of Sleep,
The Dusty Marbles could their guests not keep:
Had rouz'd our World again, and Truth appears
Like Stolen Goods, by jarring of the years.

Prodigious Luxury of Cruel *Death*
To stifle Thousands through His loss of Breath!
Who shal redeem our *WORTHIES* from the grave
When he is gone who them alone could save?
Oft have we strain'd *Caligula's* wish, to make

*The Wor-
thies gene-
ral of Eng-
land is the
Title of the
said Book.*

Death odious for some great and good mans sake
But here how truly sad it fits our Turn
Where Fate is *multiply'd* in *FULLER's* Urn.

Take then the Triumphs of his Noble Pen
To tell the World the Learned'st are but Men;
And that the *rescue* of their worth from Time
Death in his Fate hath made a cap'tal crime.

But know Illustrious Soul that we do see
Those higher Reasons which transported thee
From the black Art of Dark *Antiquity*
To th' Speculation of *Eternity*:
Let the Beatitudes there fill thy Mind
While wer content with what thou leav'st behind;
And if forgetful be, or sparing Fame,
Thy *ART of MEMORY* shall preserve thy Name.

Sic mæret JAMES HEATH.